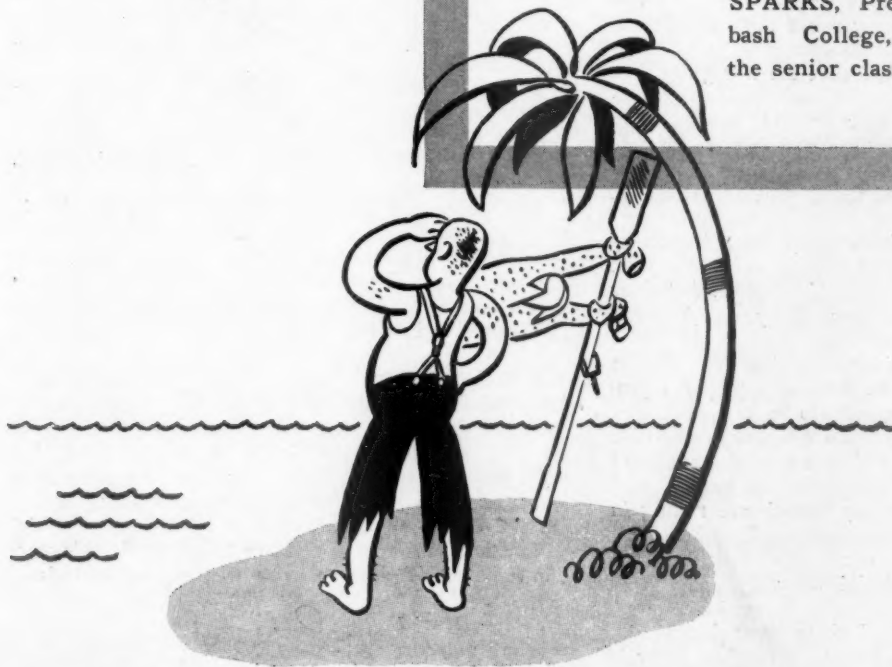




"If you go to war, take it not reluctantly or grudgingly, nor as though you were compelled to go, but undertake your army service as one of those experiences so much bigger than the individual that he can do nothing about it, except try to turn it to his own advantage. You will gain from military service greater appreciation of the world in which you are going to live." — Dr. FRANK H.

SPARKS, President, Wabash College, addressing the senior class.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

They tell a story of The Other War. In the late summer of 1918, war correspondents, sensing that an end of hostilities might be approaching, began to cultivate Pierre, the chauffeur for Marshal Foch. It was agreed that when the Marshal spoke Pierre was to relay news to the correspondents. Weeks passed. Intermittently, one or another of the correspondents would give the chauffeur a mental nudge, "Has the Marshal spoken?" to which Pierre would gravely shake his head. Finally, one evening in early fall Pierre joined the correspondents. Quietly he said: "The Marshal spoke today." With a single bound the newspapermen were upon their prey: "What did he say?" Pierre, the chauffeur, paused for dramatic effect, and answered: "He said, 'Pierre, when do you think this war will end?'"

This may emphasize folly of all prognostications, but public should not be censured for undue optimism. Several Gov't spokesmen have fostered it, and periodicals naturally have played up the good news. When will the war end?

If Hitler fails to produce substantial victories this summer, it is quite possible (improbable as it may now seem) that military element will wrest control from Nazi party and carry on the war. They will be on defensive, but can fight a long time, barring internal collapse. Anything we have to say about war's duration is of course wildest speculation; should not be dignified by term "forecast." As of today, we see the war going thru this winter and another one. Seems possible it may terminate in late fall or early winter of 1944. We are being realistic rather than sardonic in suggesting that if war does go into the summer of 1944, actual armistice probably will not be concluded until after U. S. fall elections.

... — Most emphatically NO! Lloyd's of London are NOT betting war will end this year. Rumor may have started innocently, but some insist it has a kraut flavor. In any case, forget it.

FRANCE: It's all window-dressing—the Italian squabble and German threats. Part of a prepared program. Demands are real enough, to be sure. But now Laval, in yielding, can say he was overcome by irresistible pressure. First step was to permit German soldiers aboard French fleet, which puts it virtually in Nazi hands. Laval can't get away with it. Already French are rioting in Paris. His usefulness is about concluded, and he will have to go. Next probable step: Nazi occupation of all France, under a Quisling administrator.

FROZEN LABOR: It had to come because of drastic shortage of skilled labor. "Pirating" of labor is only one phase. Thing which more directly concerns Gov't is that each transfer was accompanied by wage increase. With employers and whole industries outbidding each

Quote

prophesies . . .

CHINA: Our long-range forecast is that she will stay in the war, come what may, and that United States will find some way to implement her efforts. For significant suggestion, see our comment under "AIR POWER."

MARTINIQUE: Despite what you read in papers, negotiations have bogged down. Considering probable future of Vichy (see comment under "FRANCE") we remain certain that U. S. will have to occupy.

18-19 YEAR-OLDS: Yes, they will be drafted ahead of most married men with dependents. Coming registration is preliminary step. Some young men taking specialized training (officer material) will be permitted to conclude education, but may be under military discipline in interval.

other for skilled services, dangerous wage inflation was inevitable. Putting workers under U. S. Employment Service is indirect way of erecting a ceiling over wages.

LIBYA: Rommel attack on British flank was not unexpected. Weather is getting pretty hot down there, but it is quite possible we may see more and fiercer fighting. Soon or late, North Africa must witness gigantic battles.

SECOND FRONT: Continues to be fought in newspaper headlines. Doubtless much depends upon Russian progress in East. Some say deal brews whereby British-Americans will open second front in return for Russian consent to use Siberian bases. Highly improbable, but such talk gets into the papers.

AIR POWER: It's only a matter of months until all types of combat planes—fighters as well as bombers—will be flown to distant battlefields under own power. Experts have long insisted it can be done, and shipping crisis will now force it. Remember, months ago we forecast huge cargo planes for transporting supplies. Curtiss-Wright *Commandos*, announced this week, are partial verification. We've hardly begun to use air in this war. That's how we'll solve ship shortage, in final analysis.

... — Hopeful suggestion from Des Moines Register: "Call it the LAST war!"

Francis X. [Signature]
Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"No one need doubt where a censor would wind up in a popularity contest."—BYRON PRICE, who currently holds that office in our Gov't.

"Tolerance is the lowest form of human co-operation. It is the drab, uncomfortable halfway house between hate and charity."—DR. ROBERT I. GANNON, president, Fordham U.

"Your first responsibility is to refuse to pay more than the ceiling price for anything you buy. You are helping Hitler if you abet any effort to circumnavigate the price ceiling." From a Regional Office Bulletin of the OPM.

"We have been sending too many cultural missionaries from Hollywood to Latin America. They have created the impression down there that we are engaged in a movie war. Meanwhile, we have promised to deliver machines and supplies and have not kept our promises."—CARL W. ACKERMAN, dean, Columbia U. Graduate School of Journalism.

"For 30 years I have been looking for a case of mental breakdown caused by overwork or overstudy. I have yet to find one. As far as I know, there is no scientific evidence to show that a 40-hour week is better for mental health than a 50-hour week."—DR. ARTHUR H. RUGGLES, president-elect of American Psychiatric Ass'n.

"The glamour girl is gone. The war has developed a new type of woman. Let us call her the 'emergency girl' or the 'grit girl.'"—MARY ASTOR, motion picture actress.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"Freemen will win their fight against tyranny when they are as well informed, as imaginative and daring, and as cognizant of geopolitical realities as their enemies."—FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Prof. of Gov't., Williams College, in *Current History*.

"Our Christian civilization is based on an eternal order. . . In the twilight of today I see on the horizon not the Man of Moscow, not the Man of Munich, not the Man of Rome, but the Man of Galilee."—JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS, prime minister, Union of South Africa.

"It's very unfair to blame the Hollywoodites who have accepted commissions. Wouldn't you have done the same, had the war office or navy office made you the offer?"—JIMMIE FIDDLER, Hollywood columnist.

"Unless the U. S. is invaded by land, we shall emerge from this war with our productive capacity at an all-time high. . . Perhaps of greater significance is the fact that we shall have the largest supply of skilled labor which any country has ever enjoyed in the entire history of the world."—PAUL F. CADMAN, Economist, American Bankers Ass'n.

"Mankind, thru blood and tears is becoming one organism. The tragedy of it is that the democracies, instead of speeding the process, have resisted and left it to the totalitarian powers to bring it about by force."—PIERRE VAN PAASSEN, author, at 83rd commencement, Albright College.

"The true picture is that the pledge by labor and management of full co-operation and continuous production has been 99.97 per cent successful."—J. R. STEELMAN, director, U. S. Conciliation Service.

"Let us beware of the piping Pan of Berchtesgaden. His plausible tune, 'The war lasts too long' is but the Leitmotif for the funeral march which he is already composing to be played at the demise of his enemies. Next time you hear this plaint, give it a little obligato of your own—a loud, resounding Bronx cheer!"—HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, *Knickerbocker Weekly*.

"Send me a hometown Sunday newspaper, minus the want ads and real estate section."—Pvt. SAMUEL HOLLANDER, of Miami, with the AEF in Ireland.

"Until we bring our boys home, the USO will bring home to our boys."—Mrs. EDW. G. ROBINSON, wife of the actor, and head of USO effort in California.

"Bring the Germans and Japs to see it—hell, they'd blow their brains out."—CHAS. E. SORENSON, v. p., Ford Motor Co., surveying the new Willow Run plant for manufacture of bombers.

Quote

is issued weekly by QUOTE SERVICE. Maxwell Droke, Publisher. Business and Editorial Offices Droke House, 1014 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana. Subscription rates \$3.50 per year in advance, in United States and Possessions. Foreign \$5.00 per year. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Indiana, under Act of March 3, 1879. QUOTE uses no original manuscripts, and does not accept advertising. Volume 3, Number 22.

BOOKS

A recent biography of Hans Christian Andersen appeared under the title, "The Shoemaker's Son." *The New York Labor News* requested a review copy.—*Saturday Review of Literature*, 5-9-42.

CHISELING

A great feast was to be held in a medieval village. To insure its success a huge cask was built into which each participant agreed to pour a bottle of wine.

"If I fill my bottle with water," soliloquized one, "and empty it into the barrel with others, surely it won't be noticed."

The big day arrived. All the villagers assembled. The great cask was tapped. Lo, only water flowed forth.

Each of the villagers had also reasoned, "My bit won't be missed."—Contributed by Rev. H. Ross GREER.

CHRISTIANITY

To my mind Christianity—at least as applied to the day-to-day business of life—is muscular, dynamic. You must struggle, lift, work to clarify it, to make it work. It is seldom crystal clear, cut and dried, ready at hand, or writ in detail in the Book. It is never negative—not doing something. It is always muscular—doing something.—J. GEORGE FREDERICK, "Business Christianity is Muscular," *Good Business*, 5-42.

CO-OPERATION

One of the surest cures for pessimism is to ally oneself with others in a common cause. . . . We can greatly stimulate our confidence by joining groups already at work together on constructive causes. We desperately need the feeling of unity that comes from such group effort.—GEO. E. HILL, Dean, Morningside College, "Applied Psychology in the World at War," *Education*, 5-42.

DEPRECIATION—Italian

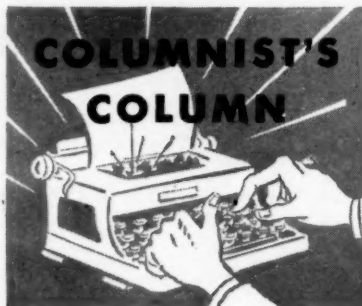
For the currency situation, as for almost everything else, the Italians have a joke:

A man in a food store asks the price of figs.

"One fig, one lira," the shopkeeper tells him.

"What!" exclaims the customer, "a fig isn't worth a lira?"

"You mean," the dealer replies, "a lira isn't worth a fig."—RICHARD G. MASSOCK, in an AP dispatch.



Maltreated Malta

The hectic life of raid-scarred Malta is here described by the wife of a British naval officer stationed on this strategic island in the Mediterranean. This excerpt is from her account in the London Daily Telegraph.

Nowhere is there escape from the scream of diving Stukas, the whine of falling bombs. Neither by day nor by night comes peace to even the most remote village. All are battle-scarred, but cheerful. Up and down to the deep rock shelters—the salvation of the island—we scurry like rabbits to their burrows when bombers are overhead.

After so many raids (more than 2,000) one becomes expert at observing the direction of the barrage. You see Junker planes approaching—great black birds. They go thru the barrage, release their bombs and rejoin the swarm of escorting Messerschmitts. The bombs can clearly be seen as they glint in the sunshine; then, after a few seconds, comes a deafening explosion. The target area is covered with columns of smoke, a thick fog of dust.

After about half an hour of this, there is a cessation of guns and bombs. Then you carry on with breakfast or lunch and wonder who has got it this time. You go about your business, and the ARP, civil defense, hospitals go about theirs.

It is just an interlude. They will come again soon enough. They are running a shuttle service, and massed raids are interspersed with nuisance raids.

It is odd to be writing by the light of a hurricane lamp twenty feet underground. It is most difficult to write at all, not for lack of material, but because by bedtime one is mentally worn out.

This morning, I rode my bicycle to Valletta to do some essential shopping. In the four miles I was twice interrupted and forced to take shelter.

EFFICIENCY—German

An American motorist was witnessing German army maneuvers some time ago when the axle on a Nazi ambulance broke. The driver rushed into the nearby village and immediately returned with a new axle, fixed the vehicle and quickly drove away.

"That's efficiency," the tourist commented. "The Germans always have stock on hand to fix any breakdowns."

The American returned to the village and asked that his automobile be brought from the garage. He couldn't have the automobile immediately, he was told. Its axle was missing.—*Chanute Field Wings*.

So Runs Rumor!

ANNE said to BETTY: You know what Joe said to me—he said he wouldn't let his kid join the Army. . . .

BETTY to CARRIE—You know that Italian that has the vegetable market—well, he won't let his boy fight for Uncle Sam. . . .

CARRIE to DONALD: I ain't buying at Joe's any more. Any Eyetalan that won't let his son fight for America—well, you know what he is!

DONALD to EDDIE: It positively is dangerous. They say Joe's got a lotta friends at the factory. Italian friends! This town is chockful of fifth columnists. It's about time FBI got busy. . . .

FBI to JOE: Why don't you want your son to fight for Uncle Sam?

JOE to FBI: Because Tony, he only fifteen. He gotta wait a couple of years!—*Cordele (Ga.) Dispatch*.

FIRST AID

"But I always run away from an accident!" she had protested.

Nevertheless, she did enroll for First Aid training, turning up for the third lesson in a state of high enthusiasm.

"I gave first aid!" she announced.

On the parkway she had seen a serious collision; hurried to the scene in time to prevent onlookers from moving the victim.

"So you didn't run away from an accident!" commented the instructor.

The young first-aid-er looked startled.

"I never even thought of it" she admitted. "I was too busy doing something about it."—CONSTANCE J. FOSTER, "Enlist for First-Aid," *Parents' Magazine*, 5-42

Deep

They're singing this parody on *Deep in The Heart of Texas*. It's by Julien Hughes:

The Japs at night, are filled with fright—

Deep in heartless Japan;

Afraid bombs will drop from the sky

Deep in heartless Japan.

For our war bond boom spreads gloom,

Deep in the land of the Sampan;

The flag we love will wave above Those deep in heartless Japan.

—LOUELLA PARSONS, in her Hollywood Column.

FREEDOM—In Germany

After the death of von Hindenburg, Hitler thought that his Austrian background would be quickly forgotten if he could make his hair stand up like that of the Field Marshal. The Fuehrer tried every barber, but they all said that this was impossible. As a last resort, Hitler was advised to see the "American Tonsorial Artist" Willy Jackson on Leipzigerstrasse. After listening to Hitler's story, Jackson thought a moment and said:

"If you don't mind my frankness, I will say that your barbers exaggerated your difficulty. I believe your problem can be solved. Just get on the radio and announce that from now on there will be free speech, free press, and free assembly in Germany—and within an hour your hair will stand up."—S. FELIX MENDELSON, *Let Laughter Ring*, (Jewish Publ. Society of America, \$2.50).

"GOOD OLD DAYS"

I remember the expression, "There were giants in those days." It is full of nostalgia and wistfulness and overcomes you like the first whiff of lilacs in the Spring. But *were* there giants? Maybe there were just a hell of a lot more little people.—WALTER J. WEIR, "New Lamps for Old," *Adv. and Selling*, 5-42.

HEALTH—Army

When it comes to a war to the death, teeth mean nothing! . . . Nowhere in American military history—from Bunker Hill to Bataan—nowhere have teeth ever entered into the final result!—WALTER H. JACOBS, D. D. S., "Teeth Mean Nothing in War," *Oral Hygiene*, 5-42.

Not Occupation but Destruction . . .

A Frightening Glimpse at Tomorrow's Technique of Totality

"We may fairly say that for more than a year Germany was stabbing the British lion with a penknife, hoping to bleed it to death. . . . The fact that Germany failed to knock out England from the air decidedly does not mean that knockouts from the air are impossible. . . . German failure over England was not failure of air power, but failure of German vision." Thus, Major ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY, fighting Russian pilot of the last war, aeronautical engineer, consultant to U. S. Air Service, airplane manufacturer, inventor; author of the widely heralded *Victory Through Airpower* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). It is being said that this is more than a book; it is a blueprint to win our war.

In his opening chapter, "The Challenge to America," Major SEVERSKY presents a frightening spectre of a future America, writhing helplessly under the rain of what the author terms "the technique of totality." Only psychological meekness, SEVERSKY insists, and deficient military imagination have kept this realistic daymare from the realm of realization. But happily, let us hope, "no such disaster will overcome America—not because it is impossible, but because we shall be prepared."

From every point of the compass—across two oceans and across the two poles—giant bombers, each protected by its convoy of deadly fighter planes, converging upon the United States. There are thousands of them, each carrying 50 tons of streamlined explosives, a hailstorm of incendiary bombs. Wave after wave—openly, in broad daylight, magnificently armored and armed. Aerial armadas to battle boldly and fiercely, as great naval armadas used to do in the past, but with a destructive fury infinitely more terrifying.

With the precision of perfect planning, they strike at the nerve centers and jugular veins of a great nation: industrial centers and sources of power, government seats and fuel concentrations, especially the American aviation setup of airdromes and factories.

New York, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco reduced to rubble heaps in the first twenty-four hours. Washington wiped out before the government has a chance to rescue its most treasured records. A dozen crucial power

plants like Muscle Shoals, Niagara Falls and Boulder Dam are wrecked, crippling a giant section of American industrial life. . . .

This first concentrated aerial assault induces a mood of sacrifice and desperation; coaxes the entire air force of the nation to rise for combat despite the odds. Our "purely defensive" aviation is sadly inadequate. The entire force is quickly smashed to impotence.

Then begins the tedious, unceasing process of total destruction of a great nation from the air. It resolves into the "three-dimensional aerial blockade" dismissed as "visionary" when described in the past by aviation men. Now, the American people discover too late that the most industrialized nation is the most exposed to ravages from the air. Primitive peoples can take to the woods and the caves. But proud Americans depend on their industries and their power resources to live. A few well-placed bombs blot out public utilities, cut off water supplies, bury a million city dwellers under the debris of their skyscrapers.

The New Technique

As the country writhes under the suffocating attack, people begin to wonder when the invasion by enemy troops will begin; they wish for the land invasion they had feared, preferring it to the relentless pounding from on high. Finally, the stricken people begin to understand that there will be no "invasion" in the old-fashioned sense. The enemy has chosen to hammer the nation into a writhing mass of ruins from overhead. They prefer to bleed America to the point of utter exhaustion and helplessness, smashing all inside and outside communication lines to tighten the stranglehold of an aerial blockade.

In the past, there had been talk of "total war." But now it is being demonstrated for the first time. America is not being attacked piecemeal, but as a totality. There is just one target: the whole country. The destruction is now systematic, scientific—the planned wrecking of a great nation. It becomes clear through the panic and rising tides of death that the enemy's purpose is not merely to force us to surrender. It is to break our strength, destroy our civilization, eliminate this nation as a world factor for generations to come.

HOME

Many people are talking rather dimly about what is going to happen to the "home." . . . A victory for the Axis powers could do more damage to the home than the entrance of women into outside occupations.—ELIZABETH EASTMAN, *The Woman's Press*, 5-42.

HUMOR—Dictators

John Gunther tells of an incident which occurred when he was granted an audience with Mussolini. After the interview Mr. Gunther submitted his manuscript to Mussolini for his approval. In his news story Gunther had told of an incident which Mussolini had related with much laughter. Mussolini deleted the story with the comment "Dictators don't laugh."—*Vital Speeches*.

INVASION—Risks

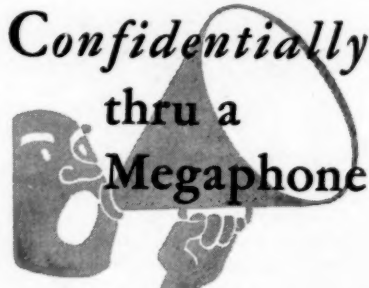
In war, risks must be accepted to achieve great ends, but only when the chances of success, coldly calculated, outweigh the chances of failure. A seaborne invasion, even if covered by an umbrella of aircraft, would be a target for every bomber available to the Nazis in western Europe, and losses of ships, which the Allies can ill afford would be inevitable. This does not mean the Continental invasion will never be possible, but rather that the war of attrition against the *Luftwaffe* must first proceed to its inevitable conclusion.—Brig-Gen'l H. S. SEWELL, *Bulletins From Britain*, 5-13-42.

JAPAN—Conquest

When the Japanese first took Hong Kong, they went to various hospitals and destroyed all supplies and surgical instruments with their rifle butts. Now, all requests for medicines for treatment of the diseases raging in the camps are ignored so that only the hardest internees are expected to survive many more months. The Japanese seem to have discarded their policy of butchering foreigners at will; instead, they hope disease will carry many of them off and the others will die of starvation.—*China at War*, 5-42.

LABOR—Organized

You can lead a working man to his tools, but you cannot make him work with his whole heart. We must not get into a position where it looks as if we were using the emergency of war to . . . destroy collective bargaining.—WALTER LIPPMAN, columnist.



Retailers are heap harried by OPM regulation that all maximum prices must be plainly posted. Chain druggist declares: "It would take a board 9 ft.x14 ft. just to post the cigarette brands alone!"

The Homestead, at Virginia Hot Springs, where Japanese diplomats have been barracked, is telegraphing selected prospects: "The Japs have gone. Spring is here. Come on down." . . . Justice Felix Frankfurter has refused *Sat. Eve Post* request to write reply to the Mayer article on Jews, suggesting Wendell Willkie, whose earlier offer to write a defense had been rejected by the *Post*.

Better Business Bureaus are making drive against groups racketeering in birth certificates, now essential in defense industries. Pay no one to obtain such certificates for you. Address Bureau of Vital Statistics, in State of your birth. Most will provide certificates at 50 cents to \$3.

And, as you may have noted, there's a rash of racketeers operating "Keep 'em Flying" clubs, "official" Army and Navy publications, etc. Check before you bite.

Well, the "MacArthur-for-President" move is seriously under way, with headquarters in Washington. . . More than 10 per cent of income tax payers last March had to go out and borrow the money. . . You can no longer ship your auto by train on the "extra ticket" plan. . . The newest in corsages is use of defense stamps instead of flowers.

Only about a third of persons entitled to old-age benefits under Social Security have retired and accepted pension. One reason is war; another: act has been in operation such short time, benefits are inadequate for average worker. . . Ministers are on preferred list for new tires, but very few have applied.

Rescued crew of a ship sunk by sub in Gulf of Mexico had unique plaint: "We've lost our toothpaste and shaving cream. How can we get chain of tubes started again?"

LABOR—Organized

Despite its clear record since Pearl Harbor, labor is accused of work stoppage while the country is under attack. The accusation is false.

Since labor gave its pledge to the government not to strike, not one authorized strike has been called. Even unauthorized strikes have been so rare as to be negligible. In the last 3 months, the War Labor Board reports, only six one-hundredths of one per cent of the time in war production was lost thru strikes.—PAUL V. McNUTT, Chairman War Man Power Commission, "Mobilizing Manpower," *American Federationist* (organ AFofL) 5-42.

MUSIC

Today, more than ever before we have a deep consuming need of music—music that is not a blind avenue of escape from realities but itself one of the few hopeful realities—a sword of strength and courage, a battle banner of the human spirit.

Under stress, the spirit no less than the body grows weary and exhausted. . . Mind and will, too, must find a source of fresh energy, a renewing of vitality and confidence.

And one of the greatest of such energy sources is music.—R. D. DARRELL, *Los Angeles Times*.

OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

In the city of M. the children were asked by the teacher to write a theme on the subject of Springtime. Almost every paper began in this manner: "Formerly, during the Czechoslovak Republic, there were very fine springtimes; but last year and the year previous we did not have a fine springtime. Yet the springtime in the next year will be a fine one again." The teacher was sent to a concentration camp.—*News Flashes From Czechoslovakia*.

PROPAGANDA

I have always considered the competency of American advertising as one of our civilization's major achievements. You can roll all the German, Russian and English propaganda together and it won't make a squatter's shack to the Empire State Bldg. alongside American advertising propaganda—by whatever standards you care to judge them. The stupidest thing we have done to date in this total war is to ignore this priceless asset.—RALPH INGERSOLL, publisher of the "no-advertising" newspaper, *PM*.

"Give us this day . . ."

There are six of us, excluding the Captain who is home from the War Office only on Sunday.

Baby has a privileged jade-green ration book (oranges and 4 eggs a week—in theory!) The rest of us have rachel-tinted ordinary ration books. We all have similar-sized yellow books, and since Lease-Lend, rose-pink books as well.

We draw our weekly rations on Mondays. . . It is a 10-minute walk to the shops. By the time I got to the grocer the store was packed with women wedged between their baskets.

My special friend behind the counter had my regular rations all ready in little packages. "Tea, marge, lard, sugar, cheese, bacon" she recited. "Can I have a pound of marmalade, too?" I asked. She checked, and nodded. Marmalade has become a thrill to the big children. Baby and I do without on the theory that I enjoyed 37 years of uninterrupted marmalade, and she is still contented in innocence of it (as she is of bananas, sugar cookies and houses with lighted windows.)

The butcher is shut on Monday. The fishmonger? "Come back again, dearie, and we shall see." His marble slab was blank.

In the wool shop were festoons of divine madonna blue wool. But only 5 coupons were left until May, and one of us might be desperate for a pair of stockings or a couple of handkerchiefs before then. The wool will have to wait.—SYLVIA THOMPSON, *Bulletins From Britain*, 5-6-'42.

RESPONSIBILITY—for Youth

Let me tell you a true story. . .

A certain community took hold of a boy from the wrong side of the railroad and began to train him for the priesthood, but for some reason he was allowed to lose interest and quit. As he was nothing but poor white trash and had no appreciation of the kindness of superior people, he went unmissed.

This boy the smart church folks allowed to slip thru their grasp the world now calls Stalin, and right now he seems to be of considerable importance to all public life. What a different world ours might be today if the church people of that community had felt and shown a real Christian

American Scene**Hic Transit Hoboes**

In recent issues, Sam Cole's *Hobo News* has heralded an approaching four-day convention of the Hobo Fellowship of America, to be held—of all places—in the super-sumptuous confines of New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

Prying newsmen found the gathering unscheduled on the calendar of the hostelry. An assistant manager stiffened perceptibly when interrogated: "The management" he said loftily "knows nothing of the 'convention' as you term it." He added gratuitously, and by way of antidote: "M. Le Galais, Minister of the Duchy of Luxembourg, remains in residence with us. However, you may state that Manuel Prado, President of Peru, checked out yesterday."

Alert gentlemen of the press, noting the registration of "Mr. and Mrs. Sam H. Cole, York, Pa.," followed the Boomer Poet, Box-Car Mike, Ike the Bum and sundry colorful characters to a modest room on the fourteenth floor, where the convention presently was in session.

"The time has come" said Mr. Cole, who having called the clan together, proceeded to serve as its spokesman, "The time has come for us to throw our weight into the 'big trouble.'" (The seasoned hobo invariably em-

plays euphuism when referring to his two kindred aversions, War and Work.)

How this weight was to be thrown became clearer as the meeting progressed. It developed that the Brakebeam Kid, transient ambassador of the Fellowship is even now engaged in field work, contacting a maximum number of the nation's 2,000,000 hoboes. "He's tellin' the boys to keep off the rods" explained Editor Cole. "Freight can be slowed up if the railroad bulls have to chase our boys around." Just how the Brakebeam Kid himself is traveling was not clearly specified.

There was even a radical suggestion that the hoboes should select a convenient war factory, and there seek employment.

Reporters who put in an appearance for the afternoon session were informed by the hotel management, with ill-concealed relief, that Mr. Cole and other members of the Fellowship's board of Governors had checked out. There was no explanation at the desk as to why the four-day convention had been terminated after the first half-day, but Sam Cole is reputed to have given a characteristic comment: "The boys" he said, "just got restless for the road."

spirit toward rich and poor alike. Let us hope that Stalin's disgust for church snobs and shams will not destroy the truths they taught him.—BASCOM ANTHONY, *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, 5-15-'42.

WOMEN—as Individuals

Invited to speak frankly about Russian women Mme. Maxim Litvinoff rose and observed that "at this meeting (Women's Nat'l Democratic Club) all the women are introduced as the charming wife of Mr. So-and-So—even me! We don't have that in Russia. There are no so-called 'charming people.' Nobody would go to hear me speak because I am the wife of an official. A Soviet woman is an individual personality, standing on her own achievements—not a shadow of her husband's importance."—SALLY RESTON, "Lady From Moscow," *N. Y. Times Magazine*, 5-17-'42.

WOMEN—in Army

We object to the induction of women into the Army and Navy of the United States.

This is a move to permit women who want to be pointed out as superlative patriots to wear uniforms. Every woman is willing to serve without military title and without pay, but all object to a selective club of one class in education, physique, and in great part, social standing, being given military distinction and the power to lord it over the rest of American womanhood. . . .

If we are going into this field, let us give the highest command, the greatest honors, the most glittering uniforms to that mother who has given the most sons to die on foreign soil, if need be, in defense of America and what she stands for.—MISS FLORENCE BIRMINGHAM, president, Massachusetts Women's Political Club.

GENS FROM Yesteryear

Prayer

By SANTA TERESA

TERESA, whom Richard Cranshaw termed "fair sister of the Seraphim," was born at Avila, Spain, in 1515. At 18 she entered a Carmelite convent where, the observances not being sufficient for her, she practiced a more rigorous asceticism. She founded 17 convents, 15 monasteries. She died in 1582 and was canonized in 1622. This beautiful observation on prayer is from The Inner Circle. We use the Froude translation.

A man is directed to make a garden in a bad soil overrun with sour grasses. The Lord of the land roots out the weeds, sows seeds, and plants herbs and fruit trees. The gardener must then care for them and water them, that they may thrive and blossom, and that the Lord may find pleasure in his garden and come to visit it.

There are four ways in which the watering may be done. There is water which is drawn wearily by hand from the well. There is water by the ox-wheel, more abundantly and with greater labor. There is water brought in from the river, which will saturate the whole ground; and last, and best, there is rain from heaven.

Four sorts of prayer correspond to these. The first is a weary effort with small returns; the well may run dry; the gardener then must weep. The second is internal prayer and meditation upon God; the trees will then show leaves and flower buds. The third is love of God. The virtues then become vigorous. We converse with God face to face. The flowers open and give out fragrance. The fourth kind cannot be described in words. Then there is no more toil, and the seasons no longer change; flowers are always blowing, and fruit ripens perennially. The soul enjoys undoubting certitude; the faculties work without effort and without consciousness; the heart loves and does not know that it loves; the mind perceives, yet does not know that it perceives. If the butterfly pauses to say to itself how prettily it is flying, the shining wings fall off, and it drops and dies. The life of the spirit is not our life, but the life of God within us.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

Officers like to tell about one colored Carolinian cook, whom Chief Petty Officer found one day whistling aloud in the galley (kitchen to you landlubbers) while washing dishes.

"Here, what are you doing?" the officer barked.

"Yeah-suh, no-suh," was the reply.

"What do you mean, yes'n and no'n me?" the CPO demanded.

"Well, boss, ah weren't quite sure what you all wanted and I reckoned one of dem was de correct answer."

DOUGLAS J. INGELLS, "Sailors on the Prairie," *Coronet*.

The speaker was much annoyed by a man in his audience who coughed and sneezed and blew his nose almost constantly. Finally, the speaker could stand it no longer. As politely as he could he suggested to the brother who was having so much discomfort that a visit to the open air might be good for his cold.

"I haven't any cold," came the answer. "I'm just allergic to applause." —*The Journal of Education*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

Those \$2 bills that were withdrawn from circulation would be useful now to buy a dollar's worth of almost anything. — *Chanute Field Wings*.

" "

Well, anyhow, the Japs have helped us to reduce the number of traffic accidents. — *Good Business*.

" "

If all prayers were answered, a lot of people would quit work. — *San Francisco Examiner*.

" "

The women will soon be displaying their new spring hats. Maybe for a while even war won't seem too horrible. — *The Carlisle (Ky.) Mercury*.

The boss plumber was absorbed in the intricacies of the job he was working on, apparently oblivious to his new apprentice who stood looking on.

"Say," inquired the lad, "do you charge for my time?"

"Sure, I'm gonna put it in the bill," was the reply.

"But I haven't done anything," the helper protested.

The plumber gazed at him a moment in silent pity. Then he turned to make a final inspection of the finished job by the light of the candle. Satisfied that all was okay, he handed the stub of the candle to the helper and said, witheringly, "All right, kid, if you gotta be so conscientious, blow that out!" — *Nuggets*.

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

CARLETON BEALS

Author and journalist

Every morning in Mexico, I used to drop five centavos into the sombrero of an old beggar who always sat at the same corner about a block from my residence.

Then I was gone for about a month on a horseback trip through the hot country. The first morning after my return, as I approached the beggar, his face lit up with pleasure. I stopped to chat and dropped the usual coin into his hat.

He fished out quickly and handed it back to me with the sharp but polite reproof, "Senor, you now owe me a peso and a half."

He got it.

There's a married couple whose birthdays fall on the same day, which they naturally celebrate pretty lavishly. Just before their last birthday, the lady stopped at her neighborhood bakeshop and ordered a cake with "Happy Birthdays" on it. "You see, two of us are having a birthday," she explained to the clerk. "So I want it to say 'Happy Birthdays'—plural." The clerk wrote the instructions down carefully, and sure enough, when the cake was delivered, it had "Happy Birthdays Plural" on it. — *The New Yorker*.

